JOHN BULL, November 27th, 1915.

THE PEOPLE'S SAFEGUARD. See page ii. of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 495. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1915. ONE PENNY

(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper)

A 141721

For meaning of this number see page 28.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TO US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (man, woman, or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the following conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged, (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay no more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, should outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a regular and constant reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Nov. 27th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day given an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... *Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address.....

Signature of Insured.....

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

Nov. 27th, 1915. .....

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice) inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.

Name of Insured.....

Address.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death—

Name.....

Address.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above.

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money. When replying to advertisements, be careful to write your name and address clearly.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of **HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE**—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

BEACON OILSKINS

Keep you dry always. Men's 8/6, Children's 7/6, Sou'-wester, 1/6, Long Leggings, 2/6. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. Illustrated List Post Free. Send Post-card now for this Art booklet of "Weather Comfort," to HARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

IMPORTANT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 25.

WHY DON'T THEY DO IT?

Established 1788
Entirely BRITISH

IF other Manufacturers can do as well and sell Medium Cigarettes at **3d.** for **10** and Mild at **3½d.** for **10**

why don't they do it?

Is it because they want to make an extra profit above the Budget tax?

Other manufacturers charged an **extra halfpenny** after the Lloyd George Budget of 1909, but I made them come down and sell their Cigarettes at **3d.** for **10.** I fight now to protect the public, and in **Black Cat** give them the finest quality Virginia Cigarettes at **3d.** for **10** Medium and **3₂d.** for **10** Mild.

I ask smokers who like Fair Play not to pay more.

Black Cat

CIGARETTES

Medium **10** for **3d.** Mild **10** for **3½d.**

50 Medium **1/2** **50** Mild **1/4½**

NOTE.—The "Black Cat" Lace and Half-Profit Sharing Coupons are temporarily suspended in the above packets.

Obtainable of all first-class tobacconists and at 55 Piccadilly, London, W., and 7, Wardour St., Leicester Square, London, W.

Carreras, Ltd., Arcadia Works, City Road, London.

SKILLED ENGINEERS

WANTED for Government Contracts of the highest importance and utmost urgency.

Standard district rate of pay with bonuses and overtime. Good men can make very high earnings.

Railway fares to the Works will in all cases be paid, and in approved cases the cost of removal also.

Large numbers of skilled men are still on work which is not required for the defence of the Empire, and it is imperative that they should come to our Works, where a great quantity of machines are standing idle for want of men to operate them.

TOOL SETTERS for Capstans, Autos, Millers, Acme, Small Repetition, also Press Tools (power and hand).	MILLERS. Universal, Vertical, Horizontal, Profile.	DRILLERS, PLANERS, SHAPERS, SLOTTERS, BORERS, VIEWERS, MARKERS OFF, AIRSHIP FITTERS,
TOOL MAKERS, Turners, Fitters.	TURNERS. Heavy, Medium, Light, Screwcutters.	
GRINDERS. Universal, Surface, Tool.	FITTERS. Heavy, Light, and for Ship-work.	
GAUGE MAKERS.		

No men engaged on Government Work should apply.

Applications to be made to your nearest Labour Exchange mentioning this paper and Code No. A 1122.

At a price you can pay!

"Rameses" Underwear comes to you at a price you can pay *even in war-time.* Most underwear hitherto obtainable at so moderate a price has been *German*; "Rameses" is genuinely *British.*

"Rameses" is clean, dependable, comfortable; it will give you sound and lasting service and will show you a wise and gratifying economy.

RAMESES

BRITISH UNDERWEAR

The sure way of getting "Rameses" is to see each garment bears the "Rameses" trade-mark. There are garments for men and women. Ask your Hosier or Store to-day.

BEWARE

of Cream sold in jugs as 'Preserved' cream; the preservative it contains retards but does not prevent sourness. Milkmaid Cream is guaranteed absolutely pure—not an atom of preservative, never a suspicion of sourness—and *it costs you less!* In a 7d. tin of Milkmaid you get 5½ oz. of pure rich, thick cream; in a 6d. jug of 'Preserved' you get less than 4 oz. of cream and preservatives... Insist always on

Milkmaid Cream

can be "whipped," but can't be beaten.

Cash price 5½d., 7d. & 11 d. per tin, of all Grocers.

Write for free copy of "All about Cream," an interesting Booklet, containing upwards of 70 recipes.

NESTLÉ'S, 6 & 8, Eastcheap, London.

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 495. Week ending Saturday, November 27th, 1915. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"Russia's" Day.

Congratulations to Lady Paget and her friends on the success of this function. It was a great honour to us to be selected as the mouthpiece of Britain's message to our wonderful ally.

The War Council.

The present War Council is a farce. It should consist of three members only—Lord Kitchener, Lord Fisher and the Prime Minister; and the sole function of Mr. Asquith should be to act as a conduit pipe between the Council and Parliament. The idea of the war being run by three lawyers, a retired merchant and a philosopher is one which must make the angels—laugh!

In Ireland.

We had a great meeting at Belfast, under the chairmanship of Mr. Robert Thompson, the veteran M.P. for the northern division of the city; but our visit to Kingstown was frustrated by the mysterious burning down of the Pavilion, in which we were to speak. Evidently the work of German spies! But we are going again.

Still Booming.

The remarkable growth of our circulation continues. We are now approaching the fourth hundred thousand over the million—and when the boys come home it is pretty certain that we shall touch the two million mark. Such a circulation involves grave responsibility, and we are doing our best to live up to it.

Winter Racing.

Common sense, at last, would appear to be dawning on the minds of certain Ministers, with the result that we are to be graciously permitted to indulge in a little steeplechase sport during the winter months—and thus save hundreds of horses and men from starvation and ruin. We must bustle along our own old crocks.

A Free Gift.

One of our posters this week will read: "JOHN BULL. An Insult to the Nation. By Horatio Bottomley." Now then, ye merry jokers.

To the Scala!

Don't forget that on Thursday evening the Editor is at the Scala, Charlotte Street, Tottenham Court Road—where, apart from this fact, you will find the must attractive show in all London.

Lord Rosebery Speaks—

Lord Rosebery doesn't often break silence now on public affairs; but when he does, he gets there. In a recent letter to *The Times* he suggests that Mr. Asquith should take advantage of the resignation of Mr. Churchill to introduce "a Business man" into the Government. Verily, the gospel is spreading.

So Does Lord Haldane.

But why on earth will *this* individual keep on talking? Every time he opens his mouth he puts both his feet in it. A few weeks ago he was blaming the war upon the public for not insisting upon the necessary preparation—and now he tells us that, whilst he communicated his special information to the Cabinet, he kept it from the people!

Mr. Churchill.

And that brings us to the position of Mr. Churchill. Nobody but a genius such as he is would have been capable of the dramatic action of the past few days. It is said that we always return to our first love. When we first met Winston he was a soldier; then he became Under-Secretary for the Colonies; then President of the Board of Trade; then Home Secretary; then First Lord of the Admiralty; then Chancellor of the Duchy—and now he is a soldier once more. Good luck to him. *'Shun!*

The Dardanelles.

If the Dardanelles expedition should be abandoned, not only will its failure be a terrible shock to our Australian troops, who have suffered so terribly in Gallipoli; it will also inflict a severe blow upon the prestige of Lord Kitchener himself—for in July last, he said, apropos of this venture, *"We are pushing the campaign to a successful conclusion."* We do not want our faith in Kitchener to be shaken.

At Large.

In a charge of assaulting a schoolboy at Braintree, Essex, it was stated that the defendant was an able-bodied German, unnaturalised, and at large. Now, then, Sir John—you can get the man's address from the local police; it is not sufficient to order him to leave the district.

Our Christmas Number.

Don't forget—ready December 10th, with a photogravure supplement in the shape of a signed likeness of the Editor—and all for 3d.

Everywoman's Weekly.

How this bright little weekly is going ahead! Just get a copy for the wife, or mother, or daughter, or sister—and see what a difference it will make in the happiness of the family circle.

Enclose a "John Bull" Fountain Pen in Tommy's Xmas Hamper.

Carnegie's Sentiments.

To be candid, we have not read the "Memoirs" of Mr. Putnam, who, we assume, is the American publisher, but in one of the newspapers an alleged conversation between Mr. Andrew Carnegie and "a Red Cross lady" is published as an extract from the book—and on the supposition that it is accurate, it shows the peace-at-any-price man at his very, very best. Having stated that he does not believe in Red Cross societies, he gave his reasons: "When the wicked or the foolish fellows who have been killing each other are half dead," he states, "they ought to be left to become dead or to stay dead. Your societies undertake to save these people . . . Let the soldiers kill each other off. I am not going to give a penny to save their lives." There is a callous inhumanity about this somewhat "Irish" phraseology which would sound more appropriate in the mouth of those Germhun military butchers who not infrequently have abandoned their wounded on the battlefield to "become dead and stay dead," or killed their wounded prisoners to relieve themselves of their humane obligation under the Geneva Convention. Mr. Carnegie is not a Germhun, however. He is a mulfi-millionaire who, when he is dead, does not wish to be dead or to stay dead. He not only wants to live, but to live for ever, naturall·· and preferably in Heaven—so he is paying fire insurance premiums in stained-glass windows, church organs, public library buildings, and peace palaces on his notorious record as a Scotch-American steel magnate. The Red Cross, except when it is used as cover for Germhun infamies, does a noble work in peace as in war. It is, in fact, one of the greatest world agencies working in the field of pity, mercy and love.

The Skilled Mechanic.

While the Government is badly in want of skilled mechanics, and actually bringing them back from the trenches, it is surprising—or would be surprising, if we were not becoming accustomed to the eccentricities of authority—to find, them deliberately assisting such men to leave these shores for other lands. A young Scotsman, a motor mechanic both skilful and competent, threw up his job on War Office work and decided to go to India. It was idle to tell him that his duty lay at home, for his country's sake and for the sake of his mates, some wounded, some dead; he could not resist the higher wage. A passport was granted him to leave, but an officer stopped him at Liverpool because he had not the necessary permit from the Indian Government as well. This has now been obtained, and the man leaves under full authority from the Government. It is small wonder that in his native town, where his wife and children remain, it is roundly said that the call for men is rendered ridiculous.

The Eastbourne Police.

Haven't the police of Eastbourne anything better to do than go about on the prowl for bathers who infringe the regulations in the matter of costume? Their most recent capture was a Special Constable, and they got him fined half-a-crown! Are there no Germans in Eastbourne who want watching?

The Chancellor of the Duchy.

We hope this sinecure will now be abolished. The best defence which the Prime Minister could offer for it when we were in the House was that the occupant of the office was able to relieve the pressure, from time to time, upon the various public departments. In other words, he was maid-of-all-work to the Government.

The Khaki Armlet.

The khaki armlet scheme threatens to evolve into an infernal muddle. The proposal should not have been published until it had been well and finally thought out. Originally, the badge of honour was to be given to all recruits, to all rejected as medically unfit, and to all men discharged from the Army. In the first two cases the armlets were to be of different kinds, so that a curious and compassionate public could distinguish volunteers rejected on account of some physical defect from their more fortunate fellows who had passed the M.O. In other words, the country was promised a branding of its imperfect males, for the edification of the world in general and our enemies in particular. Now the unfit are to have no badge at all—which means that, in addition to their infirmity, whether serious or trivial, they are to bear the burden of suspected slackers. As a matter of fact, nothing could serve the slackers' purpose better than this withholding of the armlet from the rejected.

"Good" Soldiers.

The proposal, too, to withhold the armlet from all discharged soldiers if their character has been less than "good" is simply atrocious. Some of the worst characters in the Army never have a "crime" against them. On the principle that the Devil looks after his own, they have the Devil's own luck. On the other hand, many a good soldier, through the spite or jealousy of his N.C.O., is repeatedly punished for trivial offences or trifling sins of omission, and leaves the Army with no more than a "fair" or "indifferent" character. These men, who may have been some of the bravest in the field, and risked limb and life in the service of their country—men who have "done their bit"—are to return to civil life with no distinguishing mark, to be numbered with the shirker and the unfit. Far better to have no badge at all than to adopt a system which leaves such a large loophole for the slacker, and will inflict injustice on thousands who have quitted themselves like men.

Pampered Prisoners.

A pretty example of the liberties taken by prisoners, and connived at by their guards, comes in the shape of the programme of a concert given by interned alien enemies at the Concentration Camp, Handforth, Cheshire. The front page of this "Fest-program" announces that it was held in honour of Franz Josef I., and a large, artistic design represents the Double Eagle as spread-eagled in arrogance. The very full musical programme is printed throughout in German, as are the words of two numbers, one being the "Oesterreichische Volkshymne." This precious document is printed by "Carter, Printer, Hulme," and we are sorry Mr. Carter had no better way of employing his time. The fact that the interned Huns are permitted to jubilate in this festal manner is one more proof of our national kindness to animals. But in this case the kindness is a mistake.

The Comforter.

In the course of a speech in the Edmonton Education Committee, the Rev. Tom Warren said "he was not sure that England would not gain more by being beaten than if she won the war, though it would take her 30 years to find it out." Well, let us reckon up. If Britain loses she will gain the Kaiser; if she wins she will lose him.

Our Christmas Fund.

Whatever you do, don't fail to read the announcement on page 20. It will be a sad Christmas this year for many.

Autographed Photogravure of Mr. Bottomley in our Xmas Number.

A Cautious Councillor.

At a recent meeting of the Southampton Education Committee, the Rev. Canon Mitchell expressed a laudable desire that "a word of definite encouragement should go out to such teachers as might have it in their minds to enlist." This was not the view of Councillor Blakeway, who "regarded it as disastrous to do anything to deplete the efficiency of the schools." With due respect to the worthy Councillor, we can imagine nothing more calculated to "deplete the efficiency of the schools" than a shortage of men upon the British Front, involving a risk of invasion with an irruption of Hunnish savagery in its train. This peril is happily past; but had the views of Councillor Blakeway won general approval in the early stages of the war, things might have been sadly different. By the way, we notice that 23.8 per cent. of the Southampton men teachers of military age are at present serving with the Colours. This proportion may be satisfactory to Councillor Blakeway, but—well, there are 76.2 per cent. left.

A Sloppy Savant.

Among the rabid peacemongers for whom muzzles should be found is Mr. W. Blair Neatby, M.A., who seems to have some sort of connection with the Society of Friends. Several times recently, Mr. Neatby has delivered his soul upon the subject of the present war, and if an address at Poole is a sample of his quality, his ability to attract an audience is not easily explained. According to this learned slop-merchant, Great Britain is engaged in fratricidal strife, the Huns being our brothers, whom it is murder to slay. With regard to the "opinion" that we ought to fight to protect our women, Mr. Neatby professes to believe that "if the Socialists had laid down their arms, there would have been no occasion to protect the women." The fact that nearly two-fifths of the German Army are professed Socialists seems to have escaped the erratic perception of the fervid orator. But, seriously, are not such speeches subversive of "the Defence of the Realm"?

The Huns' Nest in Hertfordshire.

Libury Hall, the so-called "hospital," otherwise known as a German army camp, continues to afford matter for reflection—and for action. The children of the "patients" are educated at the County school at Little Munden. They stay out during the dinner hour, meet friends, and post letters. "For years," says a neighbour, "we have seen the Germans dressed as tramps, scouring the roads and by-lanes, drawing maps. Our kindly County Council has placed signposts, painted in English and German, to assist them in finding Libury Hall." Could foolish pandering to the foreigner reach a lower level? It is certainly interesting to note that when the Hall was first opened it was announced as being a "preventive of destitution for Germans and Austrians." The skunks were already working in unison!

Notice to Quit.

Possibly our references to that pro-Germhun the Herr von Denman, M.P for Carlisle, has quickened the activities of the local Liberal Association in conferring upon him the Grand Order of the Boot. The Yorkshire constituency of Elland has another of the Germhunophilian tribe in the person of its Parliamentary representative—but we have a word with him elsewhere. After the intimation he has received, public decency certainly demands that Herr Denman should get out and get under. Carlisle has been much too long misrepresented in the Legislature of the Nation.

Mr. "Trumpery" Tennant.

The Government's refusal to make good the £1 note sent to Mrs. Bishop, of Gillingham, by her son at the front, in a registered envelope which was lost in the post, is scandalous. Mr. Tennant stood upon the letter of the law and declined compensation to a poor woman on the ground that they could not alter their system for such a "trumpery case." But little Mr. Tennant should exercise more discretion in the selection of his epithets. To call the loss of a £1 note sent by a soldier to his mother a "trumpery case" is to exhibit a callousness which fits ill with the times, when poor mothers are losing sons daily in the service of the country. If for strategical reasons the War Office repudiates responsibility for the loss of the registered note, it might at least have made it good as an "act of grace" towards the mother of one of our gallant defenders. We need economy, goodness knows, but we don't want to see it exercised at the expense of the mothers of our brave soldiers.

Stingy Hotel Guests.

There are probably few seaside resorts boasting more palatial—or more cosy—hotels than Brighton. They beautify the whole length of the King's Road, and modest visitors, living in lodgings round the corner, sigh at their luxury and marvel at the wealth they represent. Naturally enough, one would expect these palaces for temporary sojourn to figure largely and profusely in the balance sheet of such a splendid charity as the Hospital Sunday Fund, which makes an annual collection on behalf of local medical charities. But such expectations are doomed to disappointment, and come down with a rush when we examine the reports for 1913 and 1914. The Hotel Metropole in 1913 collected 2s. 8d.; the Old Ship, 7d.; the Bedford, 1s. 3d.; the Norfolk, 2s. 2d.; and the Grand 2s. 11d. In 1914, the collections were:—Metropole, 0d.; Old Ship, 0d.; Bedford, 11d.; Norfolk, 1d.; and the Grand, 2d. As these hotels are amongst the most famous in the land, and as they house none but the wealthy, their guests' Hospital Sunday record is disgraceful.

To Those Whom it Concerns.

Somewhere in England there was once a Zeppelin raid, a good deal of damage being done, especially to cottage property. For the benefit of the unhappy tenants, a collection was taken up in the town, Special Constables and other officials being active in this work of charity, while from visitors curious to inspect the damaged premises no less than £150 was received. Lately, however, this excellent scheme seems to have hung fire, and we are now favoured with a "round robin" from the prospective beneficiaries, complaining that "up to now none of the cottagers have received any money, and apparently nothing has been done with it, nor has any public announcement been made in the matter." In these circumstances, the cottagers, many of whom have suffered severe loss, are anxious that we should "speak a word." It is hereby spoken.

Assurance Agents.

An agent for one of the large assurance companies, after consulting with several agents of other companies, *assures* us (earnestly, if not financially) that some hundreds of agents would readily enlist if—they were *assured* their companies would act loyally by them. What they want is the promise that their full "book" shall be restored to them on their return, and not, as they fear, only half a book.

Britain's Black Book.

We shall shortly publish, under this title, a book which will cause a flutter. You will hear all about it later on.

The New Picture Competition in "Everywoman's Weekly" is IT.

A Laughing Jury.

There was a very sordid story disclosed at an inquest in Gravesend, of a scuffle in the street, a blow, and a death. The Coroner told the man who struck the blow that he was very lucky, because it was a toss-up whether or not he would have been sent to the Assizes for manslaughter. The details of the case make depressing reading, but there was one "humorous" incident. A witness, evidently a good sort of fellow, spoke of the widow as a hard-working woman, and said, if a subscription was started, he would be glad to help. The report proceeds:—"The Coroner: Perhaps the jury will give their fees (laughter by all the jury)." The mirth of those twelve men was a shameful sight. Niggardly, mean, and miserly they may be; they may button their pockets against a widow's need without rebuke; but they did a wicked and inhuman thing when they jeered above the dead and flouted the mourner in the face.

A Searching Census.

With an interesting letter, an Australian reader encloses a sample of "tripe" for our inspection. In deference to the hygienic scruples of our readers, we hasten to explain that the term is used in a figurative sense to describe the War Census papers lately issued by the Commonwealth Government. From these we are inclined to infer that this numbering of the Australian people has been "some" census. For a start, the free and independent citizen is required to state the size of his salary, the amount of his rent, and the precise extent of his balance at the bank. Then for a change he is gently probed as to the nature of his liabilities, including bank overdrafts, mortgages, and common debts. There is all this, and a lot more like it—and by the time a man has worked down to the place for his signature, he must be feeling skinned to the bone. They have funny little ways down under, but they "get there" all the time.

P.O. Politeness.

A simple but strong protest comes from a soldier's wife, on behalf of herself and others, against an irritating form of impoliteness to which she is subjected by the young ladies on the other side of the P.O. counter. When she attends to draw her allowance she finds herself addressed without the honourable title of "Mrs.," and this, she says, is the usual course adopted by girls who profess to be so busy as to forget their manners. She wants to know why the wives of fighting men should be addressed as "Brown!" "Jones!" or "Robinson!" by pert misses; and the answer is that there is no reason why such a custom should rule, while there is every reason why it should be abolished. Will the young ladies of the P.O. recall their nice ways, and refrain from the rudeness of docking a married woman of her distinctive title? The "Mrs." must not be missed.

British Traders' Association.

We were recently able to state that, on behalf of Mr. S. Erhard, of 8, Bradford Avenue, Redcross Street, it had been established that he is a British subject, detained in Germany as a prisoner of war, his business in that country having been confiscated by the German Government. It therefore naturally follows—and we are glad to take this opportunity of saying it—that in acting as intermediaries for the collection of his accounts the British Traders' Association, of Balfour House, Finsbury Pavement, are doing nothing of an unpatriotic character, and any imputation which might have been drawn to the contrary is entirely erroneous.

A Beggarly Wage.

Hunslet Union wants a rate-collector for the township of Middleton. It requires a man not under 25 and not over 40—and so comes into rivalry with King George. Anyone engaged must take up his residence on the spot, and he must give security not to "pinch" any of the funds. And then Hunslet Union, with Yorkshire prodigality, tells that the lucky elected one will be remunerated at the princely rate of—£50 per annum," subject to the necessary deduction for superannuation purposes." If they deduct much from that salary, the poor fellow will soon claim his superannuation allowance on the ground of ill-health, accelerated by starvation. And "the person appointed will probably" also have to collect the sanitary rate, for doing which he will receive whatever "may be awarded him." Whatever that amount may be, we wager he will not get fat on it.

Light and Shade.

We are all for law and order, especially in war time, but these lighting regulations are "the limit," and in the mode of their enforcement the wildest anomalies prevail. For example, at Willesden a naturalised German baker, Philip Horgesheimer by name, was charged with failure to reduce the intensity of his shop-lighting, it being stated that on the occasion of a recent Zeppelin raid the offending lights were a little brighter than usual. This serious breach of the law was priced by the Bench at £5. At the West London Police Court, a man with three sons on active service, and one at home suffering from gas poisoning, was fined £20 because a servant had carelessly allowed a light to shine from her bedroom window. In two similar cases, at the North London Court, the payment of half-a-crown squared the deal; whilst an Englishman of irreproachable character was recently fined £25. It's a dark business, all the way round.

Canadian Scribblers.

The *Dead Horse Corner Gazette* is the gruesome title of a cheerful little journal "published, when possible, by the 4th Batt. First Canadian Contingent, B.E.F., on Active Service." Dead Horse Corner is a spot in Flanders where units of the battalion have often been quartered, and its *Gazette* will be an interesting souvenir to many a war-worn warrior. Of course we are referred to by our bright and welcome contemporary. Here is one request:—"Slackers in England can get a drink any old time of the day; soldiers on leave from the Front only at stated intervals. As the activities of the *Gazette* are naturally limited, will our contemporary JOHN BULL please take this matter up?" The *Dead Horse Corner Gazette* contains rather an unusual quantity of verse, a feature that puzzled us—until we discovered that most of it was written by its editor.

Kindness Rewarded.

As an example of the way kindness to defenceless animals is rewarded in this country, we take leave to present the case of Mr. Lewis Potter, of Huddersfield. This gentleman, an iron turner, endeavoured to drown a dog in a sack. Having failed in the noble effort, he did his best to kick the poor beast to death; and as the dog persistently refused to die even by kicking, he threw it alive into a furnace. In the ordinary way of things Mr. Potter is strictly entitled to an Iron Cross—but as we do not give away Iron Crosses in this country, the Huddersfield Magistrates appointed him a guest of his Majesty for three months in one of the Royal mansions, with nothing to do except eat skilly and pick oakum or break stones. Even so, the reward in our opinion is not adequate to the deed. A man who thus treats a dog ought to be treated to the cat.

Put a "John Bull" Pen in his Christmas Stocking.